

THE  
**Roe - Buck Proceſſion :**

Containing

An Account of the ſeveral Effigies, which the  
**LOYAL SOCIETY** intend to Burn  
in *Cheapside* on the *Fifth of November*.

DESCRIBING

The ORDER in which they are now Plac'd, the FORMALITY of  
their intended Proceſſion ; and the VERSES to be ſaid at their  
Burning.

To which is prefix'd

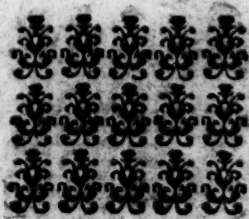
A Brief HISTORY  
OF THE

**Double Deliverance**

Of theſe Nations on that Anniverſary.

And ſome REASONS

*In Vindication of the Loyal Society*  
againſt certain Objections.



LONDON :

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick Lane*, J. Harrifon  
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1718.

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THE  
Roe-Buck Procession:

An Account of the Annual Festival, which the  
ROYAL SOCIETY, held to form  
in Commemoration of the late King George III.

By Captain in the Army, &c. &c. &c. the FORGIVENESS OF  
their own and the King's, and the King's to be held at the  
same time.

A FINEST  
OF THE  
Ladies Delicacies

Printed for J. Roberts, in Strand, London, &c. &c. &c.  
at the Royal Exchange, and may be had at  
Roe-Buck and the late King George III.

Printed in London.



# THE Roe - Buck Proceſſion :

Containing

An Account of the ſeveral Effigies, which the  
**LOYAL SOCIETY** intend to Burn in  
*Cheapside*, on the Fifth of *November*.

**T**HE Papists having receiv'd many Disappointments of their ſeveral Curſed Conſpiracys againſt the Glorious Life of Queen *ELIZABETH*, and their Great Hopes of a Popiſh Succeſſor being abated by the coming in of King *James*, they yet reſolv'd to retrieve their Cauſe: To effect which, there was a Damnable Deſign contriv'd by ſome Priests, Jeſuits, and other Papists, to undermine the Parliament Houſe, and with Gun-powder to Blow up the *KING, PRINCE, Clergy, Nobles, Knights and Burgeſſes*, the very **CONFLUENCE** of all the *Flower, Glory, Piety, Learning, Prudence and Authority* in the Land; *Fathers, Sons, Brothers, Kindred, Friends, Foes, Papists and PROTESTANTS*, all at one Blast.

To this end the Conſpirators took Lodgings near the Parliament Houſe, and then took an Oath of Secrecy in theſe Words, *You ſhall Swear by the Bleſſed Trinity, and the Sacrament you now purpoſe to Receive, never to Diſcloſe, Directly or Indirectly, by Word or Circumſtance, the Matter that ſhall be propoſed to you to keep ſecret; nor deſiſt from the Execution, till the reſt ſhall give you Leave.* And now the Buſineſs went on apace, and all things being ready, the 5th of *November 1605* was deſign'd for the Execution; but about Ten Days before, a Letter directed to the Lord *Monteagle* was deliver'd by an unknown Perſon, to his Footman in the Street, with a ſtrict Charge to give it into his Lord's own Hand, which accordingly he did, and the Lord being troubled at the Contents, preſently imparted it to the Secretary of State, who preſented it to King *James*; as follows,

My Lord,

*Out of Love to ſome of your Friends, I have a Care of your Preſervation; therefore I wou'd Advise you, as you tender your Life, to deviſe ſome Excuse to Shift off your Attendance at this Parliament, for God and Man have commanded to puniſh the Wickedneſs of this Time; and think not ſlightly of this Advertiſement, but retire your ſelf into the Country, where you may expect the Event with ſafety; for tho' there be no Appearance of any Stir yet, I ſay, they ſhall receive a terrible BLOW this Parliament, and yet they ſhall not ſee who hurt them. This Counſel is not to be Condemned, becauſe it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the Danger is paſt ſo ſoon as you have Burnt the Letter; and I hope God will give you the Grace to make uſe of it: To whoſe Holy Protection I commend you.*

The King reading this Letter, concluded it contain'd ſome extraordinary Deſign, and by the *BLOW* was meant ſome Blaſt of Gun Powder. He thereupon ordered ſtrict ſearch to be made under the Parliament Houſe about Midnight, the Parliament being to Sit next Day. And at the Door of the Cellar they found one *Guy Faux* prepared, and Booted for a Journey; who being apprehended, a farther Search was made, and upon removing ſome Billets that were plac'd, to prevent Diſcovery, they found the *Serpents Neſt*, fill'd with 36 Barrels of Gun-Powder; and Searching *Faux*, there was found about him a Dark Lanthorn, 3 Matches, and other Inſtruments for Firing the Powder.

Whether the firſt Diſcovery of this Hellish Plot was owing to the above Letter; or rather as the Judicious Dr. *Welwood* thinks, to ſome previous Notice given to King *James*, by King *Henry IV* of *France*, who was Murder'd by the Stab of a Fryar, is a piece of Secret Hiſtory too nice to be argued here; however 'tis certain, that there was a Powder Plot, that this Plot was diſcover'd, and that ſeveral of the Conſpirators receiv'd their deſerv'd Punishment for it, tho' the Papists who were let into the Hellish Secret, were ſo ſure of Succeſs, that ſome of 'em rode to *Highgate* and *Hampstead Hills*, on purpoſe to be Witneſs of the Fatal Blow, and to carry the News to their Friends in the Country, who wanted nothing but the Alarm, to riſe up and cut the Proteſtants Throats.

The chief Actors in the Conſpiracy, were *Robert Catesby, Tho. Piercy, Tho. Winter, John Wright, Cha. Wright, Guy Faux, Gent. and Bates, Catesby's Man.* The Promoters of it were *Sir Everard Digby, Amb. Rookwood, Francis Treſham, Eſq; Rob. Kets, John Grant, Gent.* ſeveral of whom were Executed as Traytors, and others fled.

It wou'd have been happy for theſe Nations, if they had left none of their Principles or Temper behind them, a Generation whom no Favour will oblige, nor Kindneſs retain: Whom nothing but Supremacy will content, and the moſt Abſolute Authority can gratify: Whom nothing can ſecure againſt but a ſufficient Power, or Great Industry, or conſtant Watchfulneſs, and ſcarcely all. And therefore it's fit, that not only as a Branch of our Thankfulneſs to God, but alſo as a Caution to our ſelves, this Deliverance ſhou'd be Celebrated, and the Memory of it perpetuated.

A 2

That



That our Wise Ancestors in Parliament thought so, appears from their own Act for the perpetual Commemoration of this Anniversary, pass'd in the third Year of King James I. and order'd to be read that day in all Churches, Chappels, &c. And to shew that the Bishops, &c. of the Church of England, have not come short of the State, in their Laudable Commemoration of this Miraculous Deliverance, we need only refer the Reader to the Solemn Annual Service prescribed and appointed on this day for ever, and publish'd in the Book of Common Prayer.

Here we might add the Opinions of many Excellent Prelates and others of the Clergy, in favour of this Anniversary, but as there are numerous Instances of this Kind, we need only mention one, viz. That of Bishop SANDERSON, as taken out of his Printed Sermons. His Words are these,

*Two great Deliverances in the Memory of many of us, hath God in his singular Mercy wrought for us of this Nation, such as I think, take both together, no Christian Age or Land can parallel. One formerly from a Foreign Invasion; another since that, of a Hellish Conspiracy at Home. Both such, as we wou'd have all thought, when they were done shou'd never be forgot. And yet as if this Land were term'd Oblivious, the Land where all things are forgotten, how doth the Memory of them fade away and they by little and little grow into forgetfulness. We have liv'd to see 88 almost forgotten (God be blessed who hath graciously prevented what we fear'd therein) God grant that we nor ours ever live to see NOVEMBER the 5th. forgotten, or the Solemnity of it silenced.*

The Safe and Happy Arrival of his Late Majesty King WILLIAM of Glorious Memory, on this Day, has made it remarkable for another DELIVERANCE, as worthy to be had in perpetual remembrance as the former, as Wonderful as that in its Circumstances, and altogether as Happy in its Consequences. A MIGHTY DELIVERANCE of our Church and Nation (as the Church calls it in her Collects for the Day) from Popish Tyranny, Oppression, and Arbitrary Power, in a time of Extreme Danger, when our Cruel and Blood Thirsty Enemies, were attempting to bereave us of our Religion, Laws and Liberties: A DELIVERANCE most of the present Generation have seen with their own Eyes, and of which they now feel the happiest Effects: A DELIVERANCE 'tis true, not from immediate Death and Destruction by a sudden Blast, but from the Lingring Miserys of Prisons, Fines, Whippings, and the other Horrors of a State Inquisition, by which Tyrants often vouchsafe to prolong the Lives of their Innocent Subjects; a DELIVERANCE, in short, attended with so many Signal Marks of the Finger of GOD, in making all Opposition fall before him, till he became our King and Governour, that none but those who forget God can forget it; and lastly, a DELIVERANCE which was never so nearly parallel'd by any one Great Event, as by the Happy and Seasonable Accession of his Present Majesty to the Throne, at a time when we little expected it, and less deserv'd it; and when we seem'd to be running so far back to Popery and Slavery, that God saw it high time to put us in Mind of our GREAT DELIVERER; and this he did not in a way of Judgment but of Mercy, by peacefully conducting the House of Hanover to the Throne, that Glorious Legacy which King WILLIAM left us on his Death-Bed, and which we hope these Nations will Enjoy very Long in his Most

Excellent Majesty, and in his Protestant Descendants, to the End of Time.

Having thus given an Account of the DAY and the Double Deliverance wrought thereupon, all True Protestants will Grant that such a DAY, singled out by Heaven for such Extraordinary Blessings to these Nations, ought to be observ'd in an Extraordinary manner. Ringing of Bells, Bonfires, and Illuminations, are ordinary Marks of Rejoycings, common to the Accession, Coronation, and Birth Days of Princes; but THIS DAY surely calls for something more than all this! It demands that something be done to Create and Confirm that Aversion and Hatred to Popery and Persecution, which 'tis the Interest of all People to be possess'd with who breathe a free Protestant Air. It may hitherto be said, to the Honour of our Nation, that the 5th of November has always been observ'd with Burning the Pope, and not only in our Citys and Towns, but even in every little Village, where the Parson of the Parish has not Preach'd up Auricular Confession, Absolution, and the like Popish Doctrine. What is more common, and at the same time what more pleasing, than to see the Rising Generation Levy Contributions in their Neighbourhood, for Burning a Past Board Pope? And shall those that are grown up, who have read the Terrors of Popery and Persecution, and perhaps experienc'd them in some Degree or other; shall these I say, not Practise themselves what they encourage in their Children as a Duty? Nothing cou'd excuse such Indifference, but either that they have forgot the large Advances which Popery has made, even in their own Time, to return upon them with a Vengeance, or else that they are so secure now, that they are perswaded it never can return, at least in their Time.

It remains now to give the World an Account of the Extraordinary Rejoycings by which the Loyal Society, at the Roebuck, intend to Celebrate this Auspicious Happy Day, but tho' what has been said, does in a great Measure commend and justify their Intended Procession, yet there are certain Objections made against them which they think themselves particularly Oblig'd to Answer, for the Satisfaction of their Friends, and the Mortification of their Enemies.

First, 'Tis Objected against the Society, "That they are a Tumultuous Noisy Rabble, not fit to be Tolerated in any Civiliz'd Corporation;

In answer to this; It cannot be suppos'd that in an Assembly so numerous as theirs always is, upon Days of Publick Deliverance, every thing can be manag'd with any more Order and Decency than at the Publick Feasts in the Companys Halls on a Lord Mayors Day. Those that know the Society's way of doing Business, know that when they meet, they Drink the Kings Health, not as if they were taking Physick, but with hearty and unanimous Acclamations of Joy; and when they Sing their Loyal Songs the whole Company usually join in the Chorus, to testify their Approbation. This indeed makes a Noise, but a Noise that is only offensive to the Disaffected; those pretended Sons of the Church, who Stigmatize the Society as Sons of Thunder and Violence.

But there's another Grand Objection, viz. "That all Processions are Tumultuous and Riotous, and that the carrying of those Effigies in Procession, which are Intended by the Roebuck Society, cannot but breed Ill Blood in a certain Party, and be of very Ill Consequence; That the Devil is already Laid, and Burning in Hell, and therefore there's no need to Burn him in Cheapside. This,



This, *Gentlemen*, is the true State and full Scope of this formidable Objection, which is so much toss'd about against the Society, and as they apprehend too by some Friends of the Government: But the Society would have such to consider, that the *Ill Blood* of the Party has been *breeding* ever since the Revolution, and that if it was not *rectify'd* as it is, by our able State Physicians, it would throw the Party into a raging Frenzy, to the Disturbance of the Peace of his Majesty's Government. But, supposing that Burning the Effigies of the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, &c. will offend a disaffected Party, those who think that can be of any Consequence, must have a very mean Opinion of our Governours, for either they must think *them* disaffected, or else not in a Condition to protect the Friends of the Government, and correct its Enemies. One of these Inferences must be drawn from a Supposition, that the Burning of such Effigies will be of dangerous Consequence. Let those who make it, take which side of the Question they please.

But the Supposition it self, when taken to pieces is altogether ill-grounded, and the Society appeals to the innumerable Eye Witnesses of the late Processions of this Nature, whether they broke Windows, knock'd down innocent People in the Streets, and committed any such Riots in Breach of the Peace, as have always been made by the Jacobite Rabbles. No, the Society always carries Peace Officers with them to take up all Offenders against the Peace, not sparing (if such there should be) even those of their own Society; so that 'tis impossible they can break his Majesty's Peace, or that of any of his Subjects, but such as are disturbed and mortified, by their Loyal Acclamations of *KING GEORGE for Ever! No Pope, No Pretender, No Rebels.* The same Precautions will also be taken in their intended Procession, the Order of which we shall describe, after taking a View of the Effigies (which are the best that ever were made) as they now stand exposed to publick View at their House in Bow lane.

They stand in this Order.

Devil, Pope,

Card. Gualtieri, Pretender,

Mar, Ormond,

Forster, Fryar Bungey

Faux. A Jesuit.

The Pope sits raised above the Rest, in a stately Throne in all his *Pontificalibus*, with his Tripple Crown, and Crosier, and the pretended Keys of St. Peter all finely gilt: His Crown is adorned with a rich Wedding Favour, as one of the Pretender's Chief Bridemen: He is clad in fine Linnen and a scarlet Vest, richly bedawbed with Gold. He has a rich pair of Slippers, one of which is toss'd off his Foot upon the Stairs of the Throne, that those who have a Mind may kiss his *Naked Toe*, which is a much greater Honour than is allowed by the Original at Rome, where the Bi-

gots are only permitted to kiss his *Sandals*.

The Devil, who has the Honour of the Pope's Right Hand, as being his Right Trusty and Welbeloved First Cousin and Counsellor, hugs the Pope about the Neck, and in short seems as loving a Creature as ever was among the *Blacks*, considering his huge sawcer Eyes, Ass's Ears, and long Tail. He's another of the Pretender's Chief Bridemen, and has the like Favour with the Pope's, tyed at his Ear.

The Pretender, who stands at the Pope's Left Hand, makes up the Glorious Triumvirate, that Tripple Alliance, which was sign'd in Hell. He does not appear so gay, as one wou'd imagine he shou'd upon his Marriage with such a Fortune as the Princess *Sobieski*, and still wears a black Coat, in Mourning for the Death of his pretended Mother, and the Defeat of the *Spanish Fleet*. In one Hand he holds a Handkerchief to dry up his Tears for those Losses, and in the other, not a Truncheon, but a Bricklayer's Trowel, as a Badge of his Pedigree, and the Occupation he was designed for. In short he has nothing *Martial* about him but his *Red Stockings*, yet so strong are his Pretences to the *Right Line*, that the Society have done him Justice by tying a Halter about his Neck, with this Inscription in Great Letters,

I AM IN THE RIGHT LINE.

To which all the Spectators say, *Amen.*

On the Pretender's Left Hand stands his Chief Butler, the padlock'd General, who was a Spy to M. Villars in the late Reign, and a Traytor to his Country in this. He is clad indeed like a General, in a very good Coat of scarlet Camlet, with a Hat and Feather, but the Society have not thought him worthy of a Sword, since his was lock'd up in *Flanders* by a French Padlock.

On the Devil's Right Hand stands a tall proper Figure, with a Red Hat and Vest, and a long Staff, in the Habit of a Cardinal, representing *Gualtieri*, who is named Protector of the English Nation at Rome, whenever the Pretender comes to be their Tyrant at Home; and in the mean time to do the Cause what Service he can, presents the Spectators with one of *Miss's Journals*, or *Saturday's Posts*.

On the Cardinal's Right, stand the Effigies of two perjur'd Rebels to their Country, viz. *Marr* and *Forster*, who had both taken the Oaths to the Government, the one as Secretary of Scotland, and the other as a Member of the British Parliament; but as appear'd by the Sequel, with no other Design than to betray it. *Forster* is known from the other by a *Hocus Pocus* Key hanging at his Breast, by virtue of which he made his Escape out of *Newgate*, to which he was brought up a Prisoner from *Preston*, taken, in Rebellion against his King and Country.

Next to the padlock'd General, stands a *Franciscan Fryar* call'd *Bungay*, from one *Tho. Bungay*, D. D. of *Oxford*, who liv'd in the 13th Century, was Provincial of this Order, and so Learned a Man that he was reckon'd a Conjuror, which the Person, whom some think intended by him, never was nor never will be. He has the Monk's Cowl, and the other Habit proper



proper to the Order of *Mendicants*, and a Cord about his Middle to lash himself for his Sins.

On his Left, stands the Pretender's Confessor General, a Jesuit, in the Habit peculiar to that famous Order, with bloody Dagger in his Right Hand with this Inscription,

**NO SIN TO KILL HERETICKS.**

He has a String about his Neck with small pieces of Paper like *Butterflies*, which they call the Sins of the People; but 'tis plain they don't sit very Heavy on his Shoulders.

Over-against him, on the other side next to *Forster*, stands that Grand Old Villain, *Guy Faux*, the Saint of the Day, with a High Crown'd Hat, a short black Cloak, and a picked Beard, according to the Fashion of the Times in which he liv'd. He has a Dark Lanthorn in his Left Hand, and in his Right, the Match with which he was to set Fire to the Dreadful Train he had laid for Blowing up the Parliament House.

All these Effigies are to be carry'd in Procession the Fifth of November in the Evening through the principal Streets of London and Westminster in the following Order. They are to be carry'd not in Carts, but on Men's Shoulders, like Pageants attended by several hundred Flambeaux. The Devil, The Pope, and The Pretender, are to be carried upon one Stage in the Front, and a young Chimney-sweeper will be there also as the Devil's Page. The two next Stages will have the Pretender's Butler and Cardinal in one, and his Generals *Marr* and *Forster* in t'other. And on the Fourth Stage, which is to bring up the Rear, will be plac'd the Fryar, the Jesuit, and the Gunpowder Traytor. All which, when carried in Procession as above, are to be brought back to *Cheapside*, and there decently burnt, with Joyful Acclamations of

**GOD SAVE KING GEORGE.**

The following Verses are to be spoken at the Bonfire

Pope.

**T**HE Hereticks bid me Defiance,  
With GEORGE's Quadruple Alliance;  
Satan, Be thou my Faiths Defender,  
I've lost all Hopes from the Pretender.

Devil.

Son, I'll maintain your Constitution,  
And tax all Hell for Contribution;  
My Fiends shall all your Priests inspire,  
To fill the World with Blood and Fire;  
And with my Cloven Foot and Tail,  
I'll humble BANGOR and NOAILL.

Devil's Lackey speaking to the Devil.

Sir, I, your Hawker, fill the Town:  
With Jackish News gainst GEORGE's Crown,  
Mist's Journal ought to lead the Van,  
For he's your True-born Slave and Man.

Here's James and Abel's Rare Post Boy,  
Whose Popish News fills Hell with Joy:  
Here's Weekly Medley, and Heraclitus,  
With other Works of Drunken Pittus.  
Here's both the Scourge and Entertainer,  
All writ for you, there's nothing plainer.  
Here's Bisse's Sermon, and in my Breeches  
Paul's, Hall's and Shepherd's Dying Speeches;  
To let you see I mind my Matters,  
Here's Kenmure's too, and Derwentwater's.

Devil's Answer.

Gramercy, Boy, thou hast done well;  
I'll make thee Stationer of Hell.

Cardinal Gualtieri, to the Pope.

Cou'd we get James's Restoration,  
I would protect the British Nation!  
Great Thanks however, Sir you Owe  
To Mawson, Mist, and Daniel Foe.  
Who kindly Teach us to Repair,  
The Loss and Shame we suffer here.  
Pray Mark them down with your Red-Letter,  
There's no three Tools deserve it better.

Friar Bungey.

I pray for James to Virgin Mother;  
Depend on't, I am no False Brother.

The Jesuit.

In spite of me, of Orme, and Howel,  
Our Master's Sceptre's turn'd a Trowel.

Pretender.

I see my Hopes are all in vain,  
From Tory, Turk, Rufs, Swede, and S—;  
Thus gull'd by Satan and the Pope,  
At last they've brought me to a Rope.

Ormond.

Your Majesty says very true,  
They've ruin'd me, as well as you.

Marr.

I swore, forswore, and fought in vain;  
The Devil marr'd all at Dumblain.

Forster.

There's nothing now for James to rest on,  
The Devil lurched us all at Preston.

Faux.

The Devil baulk'd me too, you know it,  
Here's my dark Lanthorn still to shew it.  
Old Jemmy was a rare good Smeller,  
To scent my Powder in the Cellar.

Loyal Society.

So GEORGE the Great found out the Train,  
Laid by the Devil, Pope and S—;  
But that Bricklayer of a King  
Nor smells, hears, sees, nor no such Thing,  
Then let him in his Halter swing.

N.B. The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor elect has given orders that the Effigies, or Figures shall not be carried in Procession, nor burnt in the City of London, or Liberties thereof.

**F I N I S.**



